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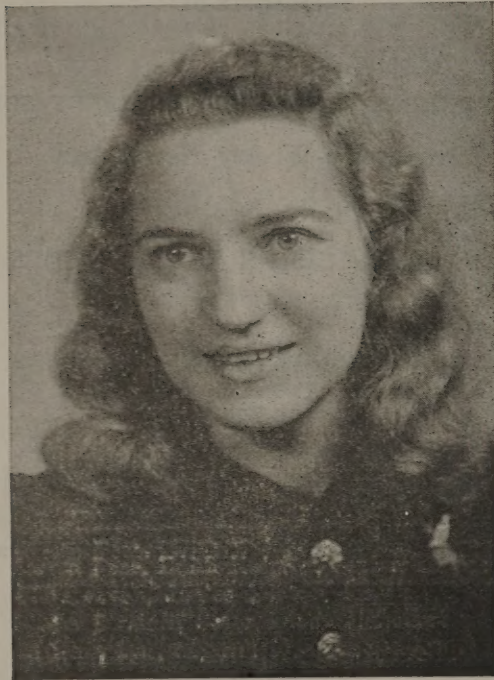
Manufacturers of

**HIGH GRADE WOOLEN
YARNS**

Harmony

Maine

DEDICATION



WE, THE SENIORS, RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE THIS ISSUE OF "THE FERGUSON" TO

MISS CATHERINE QUIMBY
IN APPRECIATION OF HER MANY
ACTS OF KINDNESS, AND HER LOYALTY TO THE STUDENTS OF HARMONY HIGH SCHOOL.

H. H. S. DIRECTORY

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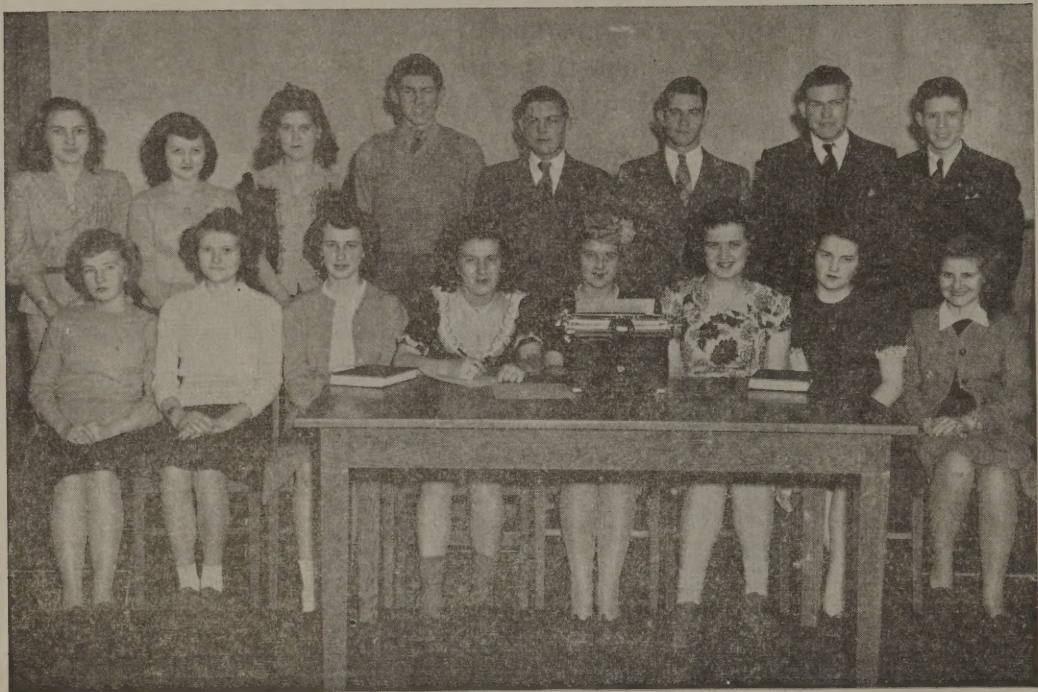
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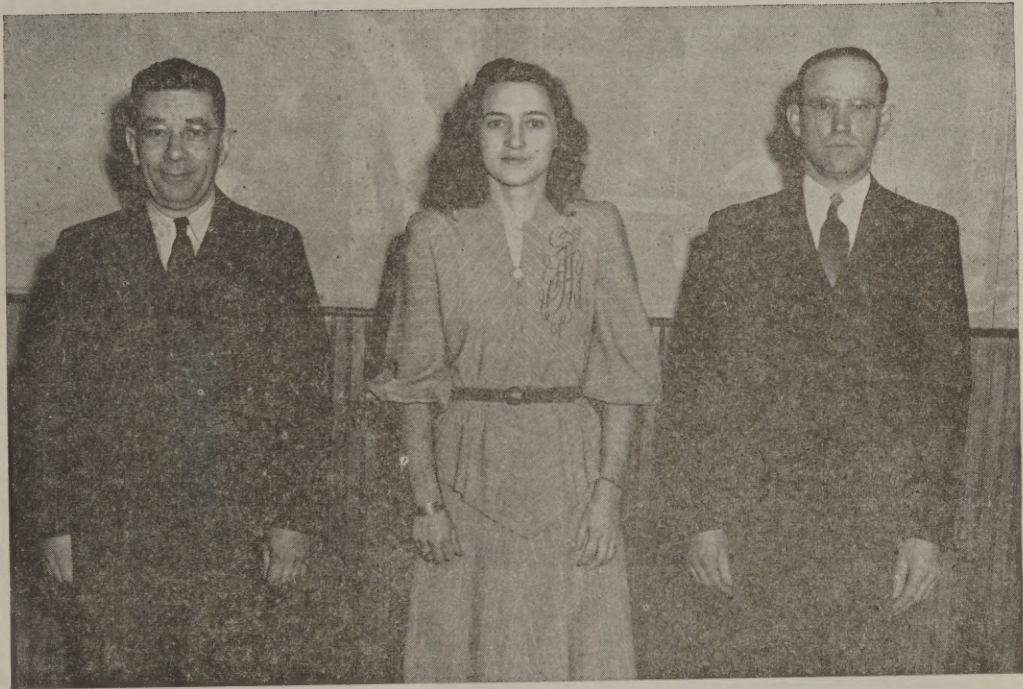
EDITORIAL BOARD



Seated left to right: Norma Foss, Edith Knights, Janice Chadbourne, Doreen LaGross, Mary Annis, Lenora Chadbourne, Janice Hinton, Marilyn Boulette. Standing left to right: Miss Quimby, Electa Sinclair, Starr Mitchell, Robert Rowell, Bernard Watson, Elmer Knowlton, Gerald Knowlton, Richard Munger.

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FACULTY



Left to right: Mr. Chamberlain, Miss Quimby, Mr. Chadbourne.

H. H. S. SENIORS



LENORA IRENE CHADBOURNE

"Lenny"

Commercial Course

"Faith is like love;
It cannot be forced."

Born: July 9, 1930

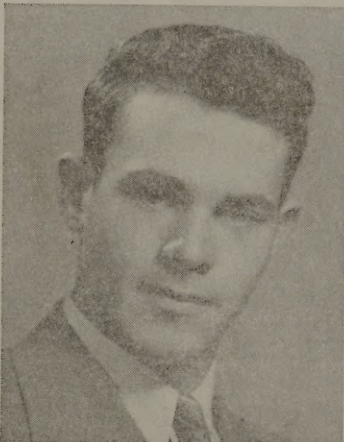
Harmony, Maine

Hobby: Writing Letters

Ambition: Housewife

Student Council 2; Local editor 2; Class editor 2; Class President 3; Assistant editor 3; Poison Ivy in "Faith, Hope, and Flarity" 3; Personalities editor 4; Sue in "Nobody but Nancy" 4.

Lenny has been a very encouraging member of our class and we know that her future home will be a happy one. Best wishes, Lenny.



ELMER GENE KNOWLTON

"Nolton"

General Course

"Good to forgive; Best to forget."

Born: June 10, 1929

Pittsfield, Maine

Hobby: Hunting

Ambition: Undecided

Captain of Basketball 2; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Council 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Class President 4; Manager of Basketball 4; Business Manager 4; Jimmy McCabe in "Nobody but Nancy" 4.

Elmer hasn't made up his mind as to what he plans on doing in the future, whatever he may decide to do we know he will be successful. Good luck, Elmer.



GERALD TOLFORD KNOWLTON

"Jerry"

General Course

"Forgiving is not forgetting"

Born: June 9, 1928

Pittsfield, Maine

Hobby: Hunting

Ambition: Undecided

Joke editor 3; Mrs. Crabbe in "Faith, Hope, and Flarity" 3; Student Council 3, 4; Business Manager 4; Adam King in "Nobody but Nancy" 4.

Jerry's ambition may be undecided, but we have an idea that some girl will decide it for him. So long, Jerry.

DOREEN LEONA LAGROSS

"Doreen"

"The only way to have a friend is to be one."

Born: May 30, 1929

Harmony, Maine

Hobby: Going Places

Ambition: Secretary

Secretary 1; Basketball 2, 3; Alumni editor 3; Mammie McKarkle in "Faith, Hope, and Flarity" 3; Fanny in "Nobody but Nancy" 4; Student Council 4; Literary editor 4.

Doreen is the quiet one of the class, but we know there will be a great howl when she gets out in society. We wish you luck, Doreen.



BERNARD LLOYD WATSON

"Barney"

"He who climbs too high may have a fall;
But better a fall then not climb at all."

Born, May 17, 1929

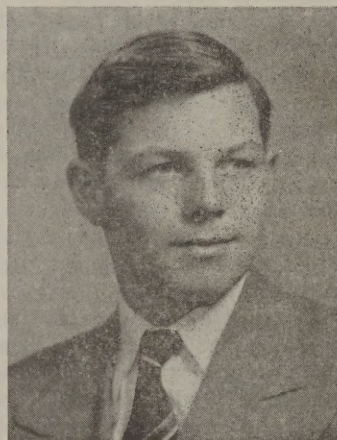
Cambridge, Maine

Hobby: Teasing the girls.

Ambition: Going in the Navy

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, Class President 2; Student Council 3, 4; President of Athletic Association 4; Captain of Baseball 4; Larry in "Nobody but Nancy" 4; in "Mama's Baby Boy 2; Business Manager of Ferguson 2, 3, 4.

For the last four years Barney has been our class leader, always ready to do his part in any school activity. We know the future has much in store for him, and whatever he undertakes. We all wish him success.



LITERARY

SCHOOL LOVE AFFAIR

Ah romance - school and romance, often they mix, or you could call it puppy love. Irene was fifteen and entering her Sophomore year. She had dark brown hair, a typical school girl. She was very pretty and the boys all fell for her. We all called her "Sugar" because she was so sweet. Oh let's get to the point-"love".

It all started on October 28, just another movie date at first, but oh, what it seemed to be, because now they are going steady and of course with the usual "triangle" trouble.

It all started when Joyce Less came to our school. She was a neat looking girl and very nice. She was in our gang right away. There was only one fault about her - she thought that the boys were interested in her, but to her utter amazement the interest was dangerous. She kept looking at Gene Knowles who was the handsomest boy in school. She wrote him a note, then the trouble began. Irene, who had grown fond of Gene, was slightly bothered by the obvious attention. Gene also was rather peeved and decided to do something about it. Seeing that Joyce could not take a hint, Gene took action. Of course, Gene didn't want to hurt Joyce but he definitely had to do something about this matter.

Gene could see that Irene was annoyed, and he didn't want to change a peach for a sour grape yet.

His opportunity for correction soon arrived. Going to school one morning he over took Joyce who was also walking to school. For several minutes they talked about the weather, school, and kids at school, but unavoidably the subject changed.

"Gene," she said, "why do you ignore me so, have I done something wrong?" Gene answered, "there has been quite a few rumors that have not set very well with Irene and she is getting mad at me."

"Oh, but Gene do you mind? I'll be here if she gets mad, wouldn't you like to go with me?"

Gene was thunderstruck and amazed. He had not seen any girl so obvious or blunt and he hardly knew what to say or do. After recovering somewhat he averted his dumbfounded gaze and with a stern tone he spoke.

"Joyce, I am sorry, but Irene has meant and does mean the world to me. Your attitude has been very embarrassing to me and now I suppose to you, but you have brought it upon

yourself for this let down. I'm sorry you picked me out of all the other boys to like."

Joyce was brave and did not cry, although she felt like it; she knew that she had failed but had learned a lesson, anyway, she should have stuck to her own home town Romeo whom she had been going with for several years.

Suddenly, becoming aware of the school bell which must have been ringing several minutes, Joyce left Gene quickly and ran the rest of the way to school.

In class she sat near Irene and felt very ill at ease, although one of her best friends sat near her and cheered her up.

Joyce knew that sooner or later she would have to face facts and try to mend the wrong that she had done, that's why she sent a message by one of the girls to tell Irene that she was sorry for all, and wanted to be friends. To our surprise this proved not to be the end of the little episode, but Irene and Gene are still going together.

Lenora Chadbourne '47

VACATION FOR MURDER

This all started one day as I was sitting in the boss' office. A strange feeling came over me when the boss told me to take a vacation. Two weeks in the mountains would do me good he said. I made a reservation on the ten-thirty train out of New York.

I arrived in the town of Bradford a little after six o'clock in the evening of the next day. An old farmer consented to drive me to Snow Valley Lodge at the very bottom of Death Mountain. There was no one around after the old man left me and it was deathly quiet. But all I needed and wanted was quiet. I rang the bell and waited for an answer. After what seemed ages the door slowly opened and a man, who was more like a giant, stood staring down at me. At last I managed to speak and was admitted to the dark interior of the house.

I found out soon enough how many other guests were there. Just two, Mr. Gray and Mr. Johnson. Then of course there was the giant. The other occupants of the lodge were the housekeeper and the owner.

I was tired after the long trip and soon after supper retired to my room.

The next day dawned with a promise of a wonderful day. As I walked into the library, I heard the voices of the other guests. They were

talking of climbing up Death Mountain. Only Gray and I had nerve enough to attempt it. As we stepped outside, a crisp cold wind hit us full in the face; but we started towards Death Mountain in spite of the wind. The mountain rose before us like a great white mass of ice cream just waiting to be licked, and we were determined to lick it. We started the dangerous ascent up the steep incline when suddenly I felt a strange sensation which I could not explain. Nearer and nearer the top we climbed, Gray going before me cutting steps in the glare ice. About forty feet from the top I happened to look up because I heard a loud rumble. Above, coming straight at us, was a large snowslide. I yelled to Gray to get out of the way. I managed to cut the rope with my ice axe and leap out of the way but poor Gray didn't have a chance. In a few seconds all was quiet except for the wind howling around the mountain. I descended slowly and walked in a daze back to the lodge.

The others at the lodge had heard the noise and came running to meet me. When I told what had happened, a strange gleam came into Johnson's eyes. Oh, he was sorry but he hinted that only Gray and I climbed the mountain and only I came back. Johnson convinced the owner I had wanted to kill Gray and he also said he saw me tampering with the rope before we started to climb the mountain. Before I could even speak, the sheriff had been called. When he got there the others at the lodge had practically put me in the electric chair simply by guessing how I had done it.

The trial was over before I even realized it had started, and I stood before the judge listening to the verdict. I was found guilty of murder and had exactly sixty days to live.

The days have gone fast since that one in court and I'm sitting in the death cell listening to the footsteps of the guards coming for me.

I haven't slept in all the sixty days that I've been here, but now I'm getting drowsy. I seem to hear someone far away calling my name. The guards are here to take me down the long corridor to my death. I'm too tired even to rise to meet them and someone keeps calling and calling my name. Its getting louder and louder until "crash" and here I am in my own room with sunlight streaming through the window. My wife is standing over me saying it is time to leave for the office. This is the day I'm to ask the boss for a vacation.

Janice Chadbourne '50

LYNN'S AND RALPH'S WALK

One bright, sunny, winter morning two boys decided that they would go walking in their father's woods. Ralph told his mother to put up a lunch because they were planning to spend the complete day.

Lynn and Ralph started on their walk. They found the snow quite deep, yet they really enjoyed it. They spent the morning just walking, and talking about the trees and the things they saw and met in the woods. The boys saw a few birds, squirrels, and rabbits.

About 12:30 they found a nice place to build a fire and warm themselves while they ate. After they had eaten all they wanted they were sitting on some logs and waiting for the fire to go out entirely. While waiting, Ralph fell asleep along about 1:45 when he decided it was sleep. Lynn didn't notice that Ralph was sleeping sleep time to continue. He woke Ralph, then they started again.

In the middle of the afternoon the sun disappeared, and in a short time it was snowing very hard. The boys decided they had better go back home, so they started back, but it snowed so hard they couldn't find the path. Lynn said, "We can't give up, Ralph, Mother and Dad will be worried." They continued for about an hour. Then the boys located an old cabin. The boys thought it would probably be deserted, but they went up and knocked on the door. They waited about five minutes for an answer, then an old man in ragged, dirty clothes answered. He asked them what they wanted. Lynn told him that they would appreciate it greatly if he would show them the way back to Milo.

That night about 6:30 the boys and the man walked into the boys' home all snow and wet.

The parents paid the man ten dollars for helping his boys to arrive safely.

The boys had a nice hot supper and got dried then went to bed to get some rest.

Edith Knights '49

THE RIGHT KIND OF A TEASE

"What will we ever do this afternoon, Connie?" Molly asked of her sister.

"I don't know, I thought we could go for a walk," replied Connie. Their brother, Tim, wanted to go, but they said no, he teased them too much. So after telling Mrs. Marvin, they started for a hike through the woods. On the way they saw some beautiful flowers. So interested were they in picking as many as they could carry, that they did not realize how far

the were from home. Suddenly, Molly, looking up, exclaimed, "Oh, Connie, look at that old house!"

"Oh, let's go and see what it looks like inside!" cried Connie. So in they went. The door made a loud squeak when they opened it.

Suddenly they heard a queer noise.

"What was that?" whispered Molly.

"I think it came from the cellar," answered Connie. "Let's go down and see what it is." It sounded almost like a baby crying. So they tiptoed quietly down the dirty cellar stairs where there were five rooms, all of which had bars at the windows. In the last room, wrapped in a blanket and lying on the floor in a corner, was a little baby about nine months old.

"Oh, what a beautiful baby!" cried both girls together and running over to it, Connie picked it up. "How did it get here?" asked Molly.

"You'll be surprised what you find out, if you get out of here whole!" The rough voice came from the doorway, and as the girls turned, they looked down the barrel of a revolver held by a tall, dark man.

"What do you mean?" asked Connie, trying to be calm. "What are you doing here, and why are you pointing that revolver at us?"

"Enough of your questions!" said the man in a loud voice. "You just stay here until I get back, and the least you say the better off you'll be---and keep the brat quiet," he added. As he finished speaking, the man went out, closing and locking the door behind him.

"Oh, what are we going to do?" wailed Molly as the heavy footsteps died away.

"We're going to see if we can break these bars," replied Connie firmly. "Here, take the baby, and I'll see how strong they are." So saying, she gave the baby to Molly, and walking across the room she tugged at the old wooden bars. "They are quite old, Molly!" she cried, "quickly, put down the baby and help me." They soon broke three of the bars; as Molly was climbing out, they heard the approaching footsteps of the man. Then they heard a key turning in the lock and there he was.

"Thought you'd skip out, eh" he said, laughing, and shaking Connie roughly. "I'm taking the brat now and collecting a pretty good piece for ransom. You'll go with us just so you won't get ideas of escaping again."

Suddenly the door burst open and in ran Tim with four husky policemen behind him. They soon had the kidnapper handcuffed and had taken him to jail.

The girls and their brother took the baby home with them, and next day Mrs. J. L. Vanderbilt, a rich young widow from a neighboring city, came and claimed it.

"Oh, I am so glad you found my Janice!" she cried, and after visiting a little while and learning the whole story, she gave the girls and Tim a five hundred dollar reward and departed with the little one.

"But how did you know where we were and that we were in danger?" asked Connie of Tim after the excitement had died down.

"Oh, you remember I wanted to go hiking with you, and since you wouldn't let me, I followed anyway, at a little distance, just for fun. I saw you when you went in, and I heard you talking about the baby. I looked through the cellar window and saw the guy with the gun. I knew if I went in alone to help you, he would lock me up too, and then I couldn't help you, so I just ran and got the police!"

"Sometimes," said Connie, laughingly, "I think maybe we're lucky to have a tease for a brother."

Lydia Downs '50

A SLOW ROMANCE

It started a long time ago. Her name was Mary. Not a very special name, you say, and I guess that's right. It was okay with Bill; he liked it fine. He liked her, too. She wasn't awfully pretty, not the way you usually think of girls as being pretty. He liked the way she wore her clothes and the way she laughed at little things he did and said. He liked the way she got all excited and big eyed about little presents he gave her, like the locket he bought her when she graduated from high school. One thing about her he never could seem to understand. She wasn't a snob. Bill was sure of that, but she seemed to have an unreasonable desire to get away from Elmwood.

Graduation night for the first time, and it seemed to Bill, almost the rest of summer he had pleaded with Mary to marry him. He knew she cared for him, of course he could tell, any guy knows things like that, but she just said "No," never any explanation, just "No" or "I can't, Bill, sorry."

So she went away. She went to business school, working part of every day in a restaurant because Mary's family was poor, and she just couldn't take what little help they could give her.

Anyway, Mary made out grand, just as Bill knew she would, Mary could do anything — anything, then maybe that was why she wouldn't marry Bill. He wondered and he waited. She wrote often and her letters were always cheerful, but sometimes he thought they sounded a little bit lonely. Bill wanted them to sound that way, so maybe it was just his idea.

Anyway three years went by, and during that time Bill only saw her three times. She had been home every Christmas.

At last it was June again and one night just as Bill was getting home from work, his phone rang. He picked up the receiver and suddenly he felt a little thrill of excitement. It was Mary. How come Mary was calling him? He didn't wonder long, Mary! He fairly shouted. "Oh, Bill," her voice held the old sparkle, like water running over the waterfall, where he and Mary had gone long ago on picnics, "are you busy tonight? I've just got to see you."

"Busy? When I can see you?" he forgot all the lonely nights when he'd kept busy doing anything to try to forget even for a little while. Mary, his Mary, for he always called her that to himself, in spite of all the times she'd said no to him.

He didn't stop for supper. He couldn't wait for anything. Before he remembered that he hadn't eaten he was in the car and heading for Mary's. It didn't matter. What was food anyway? What was anything when he was going to see Mary!

She was waiting for him as he parked the car and started up the walk. She was thinner. He had noticed at Christmas that she didn't look quite like the old Mary who had first left Elmwood. Probably working too hard, Bill had thought.

She almost flew down the walk and threw herself in his arms. This wasn't quite what Bill had expected, but it was plenty O. K. by him. He held her tight against him, and her hair smelled like violets, sweet and fresh. It brought back all the memories of the times they'd danced together when Mary was still in Elmwood High. She might be thinner, she might have changed, but she still used the same perfume, and then Mary's voice brought Bill out of his reverie.

"What's wrong, Bill? Why don't you say something?" She asked, and when she looked up, she looked very serious indeed.

"What do you want me to say, Mary?" he

asked, and he didn't know why, but he was sure he knew what was coming.

"You haven't asked me to marry you!" she cried, and Bill just stood there. He didn't speak. He couldn't.

"Don't you want me any more?" she asked, but she wasn't laughing so Bill didn't think she was teasing him. "Of course I want you. Mary, honey, just like always, why? You don't mean—you can't mean" he couldn't go on.

Mary could, and did. "I can and I do mean it," she said, "if you haven't changed your mind."

"How come?" Bill asked, he couldn't make head nor tail of this, she'd kept him waiting so long.

"I thought I didn't need anyone else," Mary began. "I wanted to show Elmwood, and most of all myself that just because I grew up poor was no reason I couldn't be somebody. I showed them all right, but now I'm the one who's learning. I don't need a job or money or anything half as much as I need you. I know I'm bold and it's not even Leap Year. Maybe you don't even feel the same, Bill. I don't want a job any longer. I just want you and that little house you talked about, right here in Elmwood."

Bill didn't say a word. He didn't have to. He just held Mary a little tighter, for after all, Bill never was one to say "I told you so!"

Lenora Chadbourne '47

A COW THAT QUACKED

Mr. Sawyer raised game birds for a living. His father had died and left the old house to him and his mother. Mr. Sawyer had just finished college, and if he entered business it would mean leaving his mother alone. Since her health was not good and she was well along in years, he decided to breed game birds at home. This would bring money enough for him and his mother to live on, and he could still stay at home with her.

Like all young men he liked to spend his evenings at parties and dances and he also liked to sleep late in the morning. So finally he hit upon the plan of milking old Bess the cow at midnight. This gave him the time to attend parties, sleep late, and also milk at regular hours.

At the time of the incident I am writing about, a crate of Mallard ducks arrived on the 5:30 P. M. train. Mr. Sawyer had been invited out to dinner and didn't have time to take care

of the ducks before leaving, so he set the crate in the barn and went.

He arrived home at 12:30; being tired and sleepy, he decided he could milk old Bess without changing his clothes. He grabbed a pail and a three-legged stool and started in. Old Bess didn't like the flies buzzing around so naturally she switched her tail. Of course it struck Mr. Sawyer right in the face. After two or three such switches, he decided to tie her tail. He looked around and found a short length of half inch rope, but all he could see to fasten it to was the crate of ducks. So he tied it on to that and started milking again. Shortly after, the bridge whistle blew. Bess jumped. Mr. Sawyer went over backwards, the pail of milk landed on top of him; Bess, discovering she had broken her hitch rope, took off, the crate of ducks behind her. She was frightened and started mooing, the ducks began quacking, and she was running as fast as she could.

At every jump she would moo and the ducks would quack. By the time Mr. Sawyer got untangled from the milk pail and the milk wiped out of his eyes, Bess and the ducks were out of sight.

He started after them and at every house lights were on; people were looking out the windows and asking what was going on. As he neared the main road, he saw an automobile approaching. It slowed down and came to a stop when the driver saw Mr. Sawyer.

"Hey, bud. Give you a buck to drive me into town," shouted the driver.

"Sorry, but I can't do it now," said Mr. Sawyer.

"All right" said the driver, "I'll walk, I always could take a drink and still see straight but when I see cows that quack, I'm not driving anymore," and the bewildered man started walking down the road.

Bess was found at day-light peacefully chewing her cud a quarter of a mile beyond the crate of ducks.

Alma Brown '48

SCHOOL DAYS

All we Seniors sit all day,
And wish with all our hearts
That we could finish here today,
And from our lessons part.
We dream of when we graduate
And try our luck at Life,
Our future will be rosy,
No hardships, poems, or strife.

I'm sure that my diploma
Will be the Magic Key
To open doors to all the dreams
My future holds for me.
If this is true, then tell me, please,
What does this old work lack,
For everyone who graduates
Says, "Gee, I wish that I were back!"

Lenora Chadbourne '47

SNOW

Little stars are falling,
Little stars of white,
They fall down from heaven
To cover the earth tonight.
Tomorrow they will glisten
Under the suns bright glow,
The world will look so pretty
With the new fallen snow.

Velma Alton '50

REVENGE OF THE MOUSE

One night as I was sitting by the stove
I was disturbed by a mouse,
So at him a stove-poker I drove
And his squeal was heard all through the house.

Later that night I was awakened in bed
And I felt a sting like a minge.
The mouse was playing upon my head
Seeking for Revenge.

Quentin Mitchell, Jr. '49

H. H. S.

(F) is for Freshman
So childish, so young,
With never a dull moment
They're so full of fun.
(S) is for Sophomores
A studious class,
We really do study
Now don't you all laugh.
(J) is for Juniors
One year our superior,
When they are around
We feel very inferior.
(S) is for Seniors
Who leave us this year,
We're afraid when they do
We'll all shed a tear.

Marilyn Boulette '49

THE DAY BEFORE VACATION

'Twas a day before vacation,
And all through the school
Not a pupil was studying,
They wanted to fool.
The teachers looked stern,
But no good did that do;
Everyone was happy
To be out of school.
The dinner bell rang,
And with a loud clatter,
Kids ran downstairs
To lick up the platter.
Dinner was over
With the same wild reception,
Teachers were in despair!
Not a pupil an exception.
School finally let out
And with whoops of joy,
The schoolhouse was cleared
Of both girls and boys.

Marilyn Boulette '49

GROWING UP

He laughed at the boys who carried her books
When she was seven and he was nine,
For he was no sissy, he'd have you know,
And playing with boys alone was fine.
He never admitted at basketball games
When she was twelve and he fourteen,
That he liked her laugh, and the way she
cheered,
And her skirts and sweaters were super-keen.
And when it was time for his Senior prom
He scorned the boys who swooned at her sight,
And he didn't know why but he just couldn't
sleep
When his best friend took her home that night.
Six years have passed and where is the boy
Who'd have laughed in your face if you men-
tioned marriage?
I saw him today with his wife and he
Was proudly wheeling a baby-carriage.

Lenora Chadbourne '47

A SUMMER EVENING

The moon was softly shining,
The stars were twinkling bright,
We walk along together on that
Quiet summer night.
The wind was blowing softly like
Music in the air.
The trees made funny shadows
Around everywhere.

The road was a silvery ribbon
Shining from afar,
To lead us on to happiness,
Today that's where we are.

Velma Alton '50

I WISH I WERE A PUSSY-CAT

I have watched my pussy-cat
Sleeping in a chair,
Eating, sleeping, wasting time
Without a thought or care.
But when the dusk of night starts falling,
Pussy-cat begins to roam;
Her eyes show green and glisten
She hunts her food, and then comes home.
I wish I were a pussy-cat
And could live a life of ease,
Roam at night, and sleep all day,
And do anything I please.

Irving L. Brown '50

WISHES

I wish I were up in the sky
Sailing around in the blue.
I wish I were out at sea
In a little bark canoe.
I wish I were out on the prairie
Watching the stars shine bright.
I wish I were up on the mountain
Watching the world in its flight.
Wishes are wishes, what else to do
But wait, and in time they'll all come true.

Velma Alton '50

THOUGHTS AT EVEN TIDE

The silvery moon is shining,
There's a ripple on the lake;
A sad little boy sits pining
For his Mother whom God had to take.
A month before this grieving,
Everything was so pleasant and bright,
His Mother woke him up in the morning
And tucked him into bed at night.
Above all these things just mentioned
There were other things she had to do;
She tied his shoes and combed his hair,
Even then her task wasn't through.
But lately everything has gone dim;
He is silent, unhappy and sad
For now all that's left for the poor little boy,
Is his kind and gentle old Dad.

Mary E. Annis '48

THE LITTLE GREEN TREE

A little green tree
All covered with snow
Would be very pretty,
I'm sure you must know.
It would be very tall,
As high as my head;
I would like to see it
Every time I go to bed.
And when I got tired
Of seeing it every day
I'm sure that I would
Put it away.

Lillian Cooley '50

FRIENDLY CONVERSATAION

Is there a friend
On this whole earth
Who will not laugh
At faults, with mirth?
Can we not find
Somewhere today
A friend with faith
With whom to pray?
Can there not be
In hearts of clay
A speck of love
To show the way?
Should we ever hope
To make the grade,
To find a friend
Whose faith can't fade?
Aye, there are friends
Who stand so strong,
Who light the way
And fight the wrong.
So smile, my friend,
Let your heart rejoice;
God will give you
The friends of choice.

Starr Mitchell '49

CITY LIFE

Some people prefer the city,
But I prefer the farm—
For fifteen years I've lived there
In a great big house with a barn
But on November third in '46
Oh! what a day for me,
We moved into the city
To escape the long winter, you see.
But believe me, I see no difference.
For two days and one night
It has snowed and snowed and still snowing

And we're blocked right in here, tight!
City life is great,
So some people seem to think,
But give me the good old farm
It's as good, if not better, I think!

Electa Sinclair '49

H. H. S.

As we climbed the stairway to the H. H. S.
The decision that we made was to do our best.
Now we are Sophmores, we are proud to say.
Soon will be Juniors, then Seniors, and on our
way.

Anita Brown '50

A PLAN

While sitting in school the other day
I thought of a wonderful plan—
That someday I'll own an airplane,
And fly to another land
Where the sun will always shine,
Except when we really need rain,
Where there will be no sickness,
Nor death, nor even pain.
There will be only health and happiness,
And children will run and play
Without the danger of passing cars,
In the middle of large highways.
Just a beautiful little home, somewhere
Out of the way,
Where the world will be full of happiness,
And the sun will shine all day.

Lydia Downs '50

THE WINTER FREEZE

The sky so white—
A ghostly sight—
The north wind calling,
Rising--, then falling.
Smoke descending
From chimneys, blending
With gownless trees
And the winter freeze.
The trees stand steady
Waiting and ready.
The smoke is curling,
Rising and whirling,
The wind does bite,
The ground turns white.
Snow is falling,
Mother Nature is calling;
She is pleased
With the winter freeze.

Starr Mitchell '49

PERSONALITIES

MOVIES AND WHOM THEY REMIND US OF

"Strange Love of Martha Ivers"	Joyce Downs	Smallest
"Johnny Comes Flying Home"	Elmer Knowlton	Tallest
"Kid From Brooklyn"	Richard Rowell	Sunniest
"Ding Dong Williams"	Dick Munger	Wildest
"Boy's Ranch"	Quentin Mitchell	Busiest
"Janie Gets Married"	Janice Hinton	Laziest
"Dead End Kids"	Freshman Class	Skinniest
"Whistle Stop"	High School Bell	Quickest
"Fear"	Mr. Chamberlain	Smartest
"Without Reservation"	Doreen LaGross	Brassiest
"Leave Her to Heaven"	Starr Mitchell	Silliest
"Cross My Heart"	Norma Foss	Handsomest
"Margie"	Erma Brown	Funniest
"Centennial Summer"	Anita & Alma Brown	Oddest
"Somewhere In the Night"	Robert Rowell	Hardest Worker
"Do You Love Me"	Electa Sinclair	Hardest Shirker
"My Darling Clementine"	Ella Wentworth	Happiest
"Blue Skies"	Lydia Downs	Saddest
"Two Sisters from Boston"	Janice H. and Lenora C.	Gladdest
		Swelllest
		Kindest
		Prettiest

E. S. T.

Anita Brown
Edward Linkletter
Mary Annis
Richard Rowell
Velma Alton
Durwood LaGross
Norma Foss
Stanley Knowlton
Bernard Watson
Arlene Wentworth
Ellen Herrick
Elmer Knowlton
Irving Brown
Dwight Saville
Edith Knights
Quentin Mitchell
Janice Hinton
Lillian Cooley
Barbara Moore
Miss Quimby
Mr. Chadbourne
Erma Brown

Dear "Laura,"

You think I don't love you, "Oh, but I do." "Remember," you're still "the girl of my dreams", "come rain or come shine". "You belong to my heart," "till the end of time."

"I'm laughing on the outside," but "all through the day" "I'm a little on the lonely side."

I "dream" that "someday" we'll have "One more tomorrow" "together". "My heart tells me" "rumors are flying," but "I don't get around much anymore." "You'll always be the one I love." "I'll be seeing you."

"Always,"

"Johnny Doughboy"

Marilyn Boulette '49



SENIORS

Name	Nickname	Hobby	Dreams Of	Ambition	Favorite Song
Lenora Chadbourne	"Nora"	Writing Letters	Dick	Housewife	"Many Tears Ago"
Elmer Knowlton	"Nolton"	Hunting	Electa	Undecided	"Oh! But I Do"
Gerald Knowlton	"Jerry"	Hunting	Janice	Undecided	"Sooner or Later"
Doreen LaGross	"Doreen"	Going out Nights	Vernon	Secretary	"You Can't Break My Heart"
Bernard Watson	"Barney"	Teasing the Girls	Starr	Going in the Navy	"You're the Only Starr In My Blue Heaven"

JUNIORS

Mary Annis	"Mary"	Dancing	Junior	Stenographer	"Managua, Nicaragua"
James Adams	"Jimmy"	Driving a truck	Graduating	Trucking	"Little on the Lonely Side"
Alma Brown	"Alma"	Writing Letters	Graduating	Stenographer	"Working on the Railroad"
Joyce Downs	"Joyce"	Writing Letters	Raymond	Nurse	"I Love You for Sentimental Reasons"
Norma Foss	"Gabby"	Dancing	Jimmy	Beautician	"Give Me a Little Kiss"
Stanley Knowlton	"Stan"	Hunting	Graduating	Farmer	"I'll Be the Same"
Edwood Linkletter	"Eddie"	Reading	Graduating	Farmer	"Down on the Farm"
Barbara Moore	"Barbs"	Flying	Ronnie	Airline Hostess	"The Old Lamp Lighter"
Robert Rowell	"Bob"	Hunting	Beverly	Stenographer	"Doin' What Comes Naturally"
Dwight Saville	"Dwight"	Skipping School	Graduating	Flying	"Pistol Packing Mamma"
Joan Taylor	"Jo"	Acting Out	Ivan	Nurse	"You Two Timed Me One Time Too Often"
Arlene Wentworth	"Red"	Going Places	Jim	Wac	"Five Minutes More"

PERSONALITIES

SENIORS

L. I. C.	Lives in Cambridge
E. G. K.	Electa gets kissed
D. L. L.	Does love luck
B. L. W.	Big luscious wolf
G. T. K.	Gets the kiss

JUNIORS

N. E. F.	Nobody ever fights
R. L. R.	Rain leaves rivers
A. F. B.	Always for best
M. E. A.	Married easy anyway
A. J. W.	Always just willing
S. W. K.	Seals with kisses
J. E. T.	Jumping every time
J. H. A.	Joyful hours always
J. H. D.	Just happy dear
D. E. S.	Does every season
B. C. M.	Be-comes married
E. S. L.	Expert still lives

Janice Hinton and Lenora Chadbourne

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF:

Arlene Wentworth	Was serious
Doreen LaGross	Came to school
Mr. Chamberlain	Forgot his satchel
Erma Brown	Wasn't pretty
The Knowlton boys	Were on time
The Algebra class	Didn't stay after school
The Main room	Was quiet
Jerry Knowlton	Wasn't smiling
Joan Taylor	Wore a dress
John Cobb	Looked at a girl
Elmer Knowlton	Lost his good looks
Bernard Watson	Stopped Starr-gazing
Janice Hinton	Wasn't singing
Stanley Knowlton	Had a girl friend
Anita Brown	Was tall
Harmoy High School	Had no newspaper

THE OLD FORD

Body	Sophomore Boys
Fenders	Irving Brown
Steering Wheel	Gerald Knowlton
Front Seat	Janice Hinton
Back Seat	Bernard & Starr; Elmer & Electa
Starter	Mary Annis
Gas Peddle	John Cobb
Brakes	Miss Quimby
Clutch	Mr. Chadbourne
Spark	Erma Brown

Choke	Dick Munger
Headlights	Anita Brown & Richard Rowell
Generator	Edith Knights
Carburetor	Bob Rowell
Fuel Pump	Joan Taylor
Shifting Lever	Norma Foss
Emergency Brake	Stanley Knowlton
Tail light	Marilyn Boulette
Wheels	Freshman Boys
Heater	Lenora Chadbourne
Radiator	Mr. Chamberlain
Spark Plugs	Janice Chadbourne
Horn	Dwight Saville
Spare Tire	Barbara Moore
	Gerald Knowlton '47
	"San Fernando Valley,"
	"California"
	"Some Sunday Morning"

SONGS AND WHOM THEY REMIND US OF

I'll Be the Same	Johnny Cobb
You Can't Break My Heart	Janice Hinton
Do You Love Me	Marilyn Boulette
Don't Fence Me In	Freshman Class
Someday	Dick Munger
Build A Big Fence Around Texas	Quentin Mitchell
Rumors Are Flying	Lydia Downs
I'm Going To Turn Off The Teardrops	Electa Sinclair
Do I Worry	Janice Chadbourne
Somebody Stole My Gal	Bob Rowell
The Girl that I Marry	Elmer Knowlton
Doin' What Comes Natcherly	Harmony High
One More Dream	Irving Brown
Don't Sweetheart Me	Norma Foss
Put that Ring On My Finger	Joyce Downs
Yeserday's Roses	Gerald Knowlton
I'm a Big Girl Now	Erma Brown
Take It Easy	Edward Linkletter
Reconversion Blues	James Adams
No Can Do	Alma Brown
I'll Get By	Barbara Moore

A PERFECT GIRL WOULD HAVE

Joan Taylor's	Eyes
Barbara Moore's	Complexion
Mary Annis'	Hair
Janice Hinton's	Teeth
Miss Quimby's	Figure
Electa Sinclair's	Disposition

WOULDN'T GIVE UP

Robert Rowell	Smiling
Doreen LaGross	Vernon
Joyce Downs	Flirting
Lydia Downs	Irving
Elmer Knowlton	Good looks
Miss Quimby	Potato Chips
Janice Hinton	Her temper
Lillian Cooley	Janice Chadbourne's friendship
Electa Sinclair	Elmer Knowlton
Richard Munger	Basketball
Quentin Mitchell	Acting out
Janice Chadbourne	Gordon
Mary Annis	Junior
Starr Mitchell	Dancing
Mr. Chamberlain	Making Speeches
Joan Taylor	Her slacks
Barbara Moore	Ronnie
Mr. Chadbourne	Kindness

SCHOOL SUPERLATIVES

Jolliest Girl	Erma Brown
Jolliest Boy	Irving Brown
Best Dressed Girls	
Marilyn Boulette and Electa Sinclair	
Best Dressed Boy	Richard Munger
Most Dependable Boy	Gerald Knowlton
Most Dependable Girls	
Mary Annis and Janice Hinton	
Best Sport	Stanley Knowlton
Quietest	Velma Alton
Tallest	Edward Linkletter
Luckiest	Elmer Knowlton
Shortest	Anita Brown
Best Girl Athlete	Joan Taylor
Best Boy Athlete	Stanley Knowlton
Most Ambitious Boy	Johnny Cobb
Nerviest	Dwight Saville
Most Ambitious Girl	Edith Knight
Most Obliging	Barbara Moore
Most Polite	Electa Sinclair
Least Studious	Richard Rowell
Most Co-operative	Miss Quimby
Greatest Favorites	
Janice Chadbourne and Joan Taylor	
Best Boy Dancer	Richard Munger
Best Girl Dancer	Norma Foss
Best all around Boy	Stanley Knowlton
Best all around Girl	Electa Sinclair
M-ary Annis	
E-R-ma Brown	
Lenora-C-hadbourne	
Ric-H-ard Rowell	
A-lma Brown	

E-D-ward Linkletter
B-ernard Watson
J-O-yce Downs
Janice Chadbo-U-rne
R-ichard Munger
Elle-N-Herrick
V-E-lma Alton
S-tanley Knowlton
Elmer-K-nowlton
Jan-I-ce Hinton
Joa-N-Taylor
D-oreen LaGross
N-orma Foss
E-lecta Sinclair
S-tarr Mitchell
Dwight-S-aville

COMIC STRIP CHARACTERS

Joe Palooka	James Adams
Dagwood	Durwood LaGross
Blondie	Mary Annis
Mickey Mouse	Richard Rowell
Minnie Mouse	Anita Brown
Lone Ranger	Edward Linkletter
Snuffy Smith	Mr. Chamberlain
Boots	Lenora Chadbourne
Bunky	Quentin Mitchell
Tillie The Toiler	Miss Quimby
L'il Abner	Dwight Saville
Mutt & Jeff	Dwight Saville and Stanley Knowlton
Johnny Hazard	Irving Brown
Myrtle	Velma Alton
Nancy Walker	Marilyn Boulette
Patsy Walker	Janice Hinton
Hedy Wolfe	Electa Sinclair
Buz Baxter	Elmer Knowlton
Little Miss Muffet	Norma Foss
Freckles	Garwood Howell
Terry	Johnny Cobb
Archie Andrews	Richard Munger
Jughead	Robert Rowell
Bubbles	Barbara Moore
Steve Canyon	Bernard Watson
Copper Calhoon	Joyce Downs
Charles	Garwood Howell

A PERFECT BOY WOULD HAVE

Richards Munger's	Eyes
John Cobb's	Complexion
Gerald Knowlton's	Hair
Irving Brown's	Teeth
Elmer Knowlton's	Figure
Bernard Watson's	Disposition

SENIOR PLAY



SENIOR PLAY

Seated left to right: Marilyn Boulette, Doreen LaGross, Starr Mitchell, Lenora Chadbourne, Ella Wentworth, Janice Hinton. Standing left to right: Miss Quimby, Robert Rowell, Elmer Knowlton, Bernard Watson, Gerald Knowlton.

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

The class of 1947 once again assembled at school on Tuesday, September 3, 1946, with six members enrolled. Shortly after school started we elected the following officers: President, Elmer Knowlton; Vice President, Bernard Watson; Secretary and Treasurer, Ruth Spink; Class Advisor, Mr. Chamberlain; Student Council, Bernard Watson, Gerald Knowlton, Elmer Knowlton, and Doreen LaGross.

October 22nd we went to Price Studio in Skowhegan to have our individual pictures taken.

Those in our class taking part in Basketball this year were Bernard Watson, Elmer Knowlton, and Ruth Spink.

We put on our Senior Class Play, "Nobody but Nancy," this year on November 22nd at the Grange Hall. Each one of the Seniors took part with the following names in the play: Doreen LaGross-"Fanny"; Lenora Chadbourne-"Sue"; Bernard Watson-"Larry"; Gerald Knowlton-"Adam"; Elmer Knowlton-"Jimmy". It proved to be a success with Miss Quimby as coach.

The Senior Ball will be held May 29th at the Grange Hall; Baccalaureate services will be held Sunday, June 1, 1947. Graduation exercises are to be Friday, June 6, 1947.

Ruth Spink '47

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES



JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

School began September 3, 1946, with thirteen students in the Junior class. The members of the class elected the following officers: President, Norma Foss; Vice President, Mary Annis; Secretary, Robert Rowell; Treasurer, Joyce Downs; Class Editor, Norma Foss; Class Advisor, Mr. Chadbourne; Student Council, Joan Taylor, Stanley Knowlton, Robert Rowell.

On the 30th of October our class sponsored a Halloween Social which was held at the school building. After a program, refreshments were served.

After Christmas vacation one more member was added to our class, Barbara Moore from Springfield, Mass.

Three girls and two boys went out for Basketball this year. They were Joan Taylor, Mary Annis, Norma Foss, Robert Rowell, and Stanley Knowlton.

Robert Rowell took the part of Ted Porter in the Senior Class Play, "Nobody But Nancy."

Norma Foss '48

JUNIOR CLASS

Seated left to right: Joan Taylor, Norma Foss, Arlene Wentworth, Joyce Downs, Mary Annis, Alma Brown. Standing left to right: Mr. Chadbourne, Robert Rowell, Dwight Saville, Edward Linkletter, Stanley Knowlton, James Adams.



SOPHOMORES



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Seated left to right: Ella Wentworth, Starr Mitchell, Electa Sinclair, Edith Knights, Marilyn Boulette, Janice Hinton. Standing left to right: Miss Quimby, John Cobb, Erma Brown, Ellen Herrick, Patricia Linkletter, Garwood Howell, Quentin Mitchell.

SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES

The Sophomore class began with sixteen members. We have lost Betty and Jack Tripp, Vance Davis, and Basil Chadbourne. That left us with only twelve Sophomores. The following class officers were elected soon after school started: President, Janice Hinton; Vice President, Erma Brown; Secretary, Marilyn Boulette; Treasurer, John Cobb; Class Editor, Janice Hinton; Class Advisor, Miss Quimby; Student Council, Garwood Howell and John Cobb.

The Freshman Reception put on by the Sophomores took place September thirteenth.

Members who took parts in the Senior Play, "Nobody but Nancy," were Starr Mitchell, Marilyn Boulette, Ella Wentworth, and Janice Hinton.

The Sophomore girls who belong to the basketball team are Erma Brown, Janice Hinton, Ellen Herrick, and Starr Mitchell. The only boy on the basketball team is Quentin Mitchell.

We put on a Sophomore-Freshman Valentine's Party February fourteenth.

Janice Hinton '49

FRESHMAN



FRESHMAN CLASS

Seated left to right: Anita Brown, Lydia Downs, Lillian Cooley, Janice Chadbourne, Velma Alton. Standing left to right: Mr. Chamberlain, Richard Rowell, Richard Munger, Irving Brown, Durwood LaGross.

FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES

The Freshman class of 1946 entered Harmony High School September 3, with eleven members. The class officers were elected as follows: President, Richard Rowell; Vice President, Irving Brown; Secretary, Richard Munger; Treasurer, Lillian Cooley; Class Editor, Janice Chadbourne.

The Freshman initiation was held on September 13. The girls wore men's shirts, neckties, and pants with pillows in them. The Sophomores supplied the make-up. The reception was held at the schoolhouse in the evening.

The peanut hunt was held on the 17th of September.

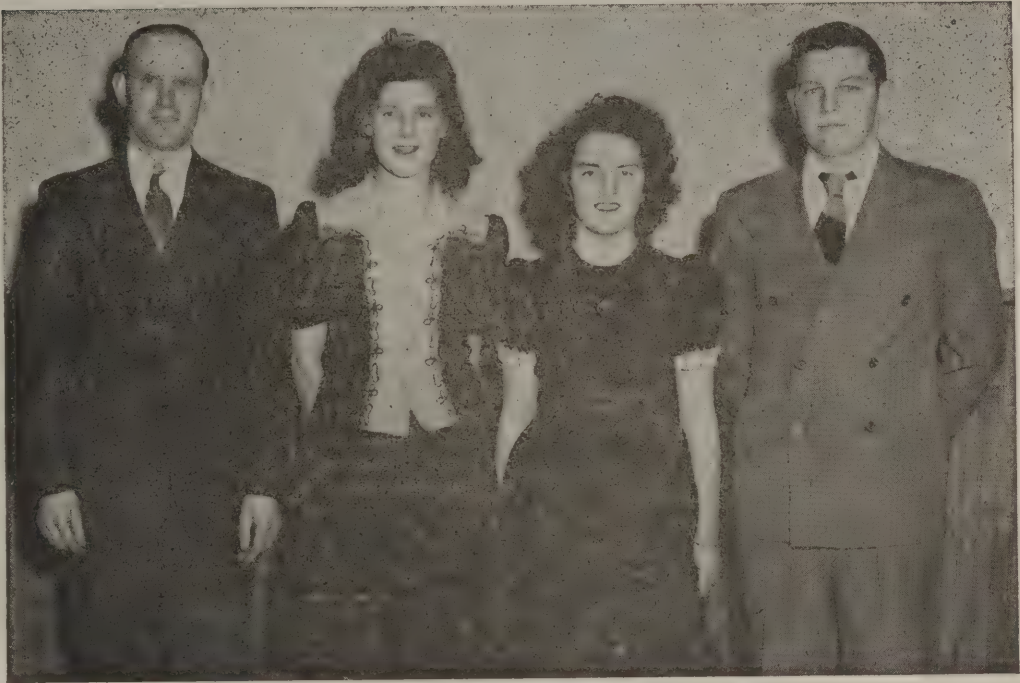
The Freshman and Sophomore classes sponsored a Valentine's Party February 14 at the schoolhouse.

During the year two of our members left school, Auren Taylor and Gordon Carr.

Janice Chadbourne '50



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Left to right: Mr. Chadbourne, Starr Mitchell, Janice Hinton, Bernard Watson.
Mitchell, Norma Foss.



CHEERLEADERS



CHEERLEADERS

Front row: Marilyn Boulette, Lydia Downs. Second row: Joyce Downs, Anita Brown, Alma Brown.



ATHLETICS



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Left to right: Annis, Janice Hinton, Erma Brown, Ellen Herick, Joan Taylor, Starr

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls' basketball squad started practicing November 6, with Mr. Kenneth Reed as coach.

The line up for the first team is as follows: Captain and right forward, Ellen Herrick. Center forward, Starr Mitchell. Left forward, Joan Taylor. Right guard, Mary Annis. Center guard, Norma Foss. Manager and left guard, Ruth Spink.

We were fortunate in having two good substitute for our team, Janice Hinton and Erma Brown. The highest scorer of our team is Joan Taylor, who has 130 points.

We girls of the basketball squad wish to express our thanks to Mr. Kenneth Reed for his time and effort spent in coaching our team.

Season's Record

H. H. S. - 28	Corinna	27
H. H. S. - 8	North Anson	18
H. H. S. - 39	Sangerville	24
H. H. S. - 28	Dexter	22
H. H. S. - 32	North Anson	37
H. H. S. - 20	Corinna	43
H. H. S. - 15	Sangerville	32
H. H. S. - 23	Dexter	39
H. H. S. - 21	Solon	30
H. H. S. - 21	Hartland	40
H. H. S. - 34	Solon	43

Mary E. Annis '48

ATHLETIC



BOYS' BASKETBALL

Standing left to right: Stanley Knowlton, Richard Munger, Robert Rowell, Elmer Knowlton, Quentin Mitchell. In Front: Bernard Watson.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

There were ten boys who reported for basketball this year. We had Anson Snowden as coach, and we appreciate his willingness to coach our team this year. The lineup for the team is as follows: Manager and right forward, Elmer Knowlton; Left forward, Dick Munger; Center, Robert Rowell; Captain and left guard, Bernard Watson; Right guard, Stanley Knowlton.

We had two substitutes this year, Quentin Mitchell and Richard Rowell.

Season's Record

H. H. S. - 7	Corinna	34
H. H. S. - 19	North Anson	34
H. H. S. - 18	Sangerville	42
H. H. S. - 30	Dexter	33
H. H. S. - 16	Alumni	54
H. H. S. - 22	North Anson	21
H. H. S. - 19	Sangerville	56
H. H. S. - 27	Dexter	41
H. H. S. - 10	Corinna	69
H. H. S. - 27	Monson	45
H. H. S. - 29	Monson	25
H. H. S. - 32	Solon	34
H. H. S. - 22	Hartland	72
H. H. S. - 50	Alumni	52
H. H. S. - 49	Solon	26

Richard Munger '50

GIRLS' SOFTBALL



GIRLS' SOFTBALL

Front row left to right: Marilyn Boulette, Norma Foss, Velma Alton, Janice Hinton, Lydia Downs, Anita Brown. Standing left to right: Barbara Moore, Alma Brown, Ella Wentworth, Patricia Linkletter, Joan Taylor, Erma Brown, Starr Mitchell.



BOYS' BASEBALL



BOYS' BASEBALL

Saeed left to right: Berard Watson, Garwood Howell, Quentin Mitchell, Stanley Knowlton, Robert Rowell, Durwood LaGross, Elmer Knowlton, Standing left to right: James Adams, Richard Munger, Dwight Saville, Edward Linkletter, Gerald Knowlton, Robert Rowell.



STUDENT COUNCIL



STUDENT COUNCIL

Seated left to right: John Cobb, Joan Taylor, Doreen LaGross, Garwood Howell, Stanley Knowlton. Standing left to right: Mr. Chadburne, Robert Rowell, Richard Munger, Bernard Watson, Elmer Knowlton, Gerald Knowlton.

"LOCAL NEWS"

Harmony High School began September 3, 1946, with Mr. Frank Chamberlain, principal, Mr. Lisle Chadbourne, Commercial teacher and Miss Catherine Quimby, English teacher. We adopted the rotating plan of classes.

The annual peanut hunt was won by the Freshman class this year. The initiation of the Freshmen was held September 13, at the High school.

On October 9, Dr. Briggs came to give physical examinations to all students.

Eight girls and ten boys came out for basketball this year. The first practice was held November 6.

The Senior Class presented their play, "Nobody But Nancy," November 22, at the Grange Hall.

School closed November 27, for the Thanksgiving recess.

School closed December 20, for two weeks' vacation. In the afternoon we had a Christmas party. Mr. Chamberlain treated us all to ice cream.

During the week of January 13, mid-year examinations were given.

Group pictures of the various classes and school organizations were taken February 14, at the high school, by Norman Demo.

This year the Baccalaureate Service will be held June 1, at the Baptist Church. Graduation will be held Friday, June 6, at the Grange Hall.

Norma Foss '48

ALUMNI

CLASS OF 1937

George Chadbourne, at home in Harmony.
Erland Cobb, employed in Harmony.
Carolyn (Deering) York, living in Freeport.
Jennie (Fowlie) Irving, living in Dover Foxcroft.
Vida (Fowlie) Taylor, living in Guilford.
Vaughn Giggey, living in Fairfield, Maine.
Hattie (Ricker) Sendzik, living in Harmony.
Charles Rowell, employed in Harmony.
Lucille (Taylor) Fanjoy, living in Harmony.

CLASS OF 1938

Myrtie (Foss) Farrin, living in Monson.
Freda (Fowlie) Chadbourne, living in Harmony.
Eleanor (Lombard) Hines, living in Skowhegan.
Norma (Sinclair) Nadeau, living in Wellington.

CLASS OF 1939

Norman Barrows,
Pearle (Carle) Bailey, living in Old Town.
Violet (Cromwell) Demo, living in Skowhegan.
Victoria (Downs) Chadbourne, living in Harmony.
Paul Herrick, employed in Harmony.
Chloe Lombard, living in Portland.
Curtis Lombard, employed in Hartland.
Rita (Marble) Taylor, living in Harmony.
Anna (Rowell) Byrd, employed in Casper, Wyoming.
Merle Sinclair, employed in Harmony.
Carl Small, living in Bristol, Conn.
Mason Taylor, employed in Harmony.
Carl Watson, living in Cambridge.
Helen Ricker, living in Harmony.

CLASS OF 1940

Clyde Bemis, in garage business at Harmony.
Barbara (Carr) Herrick, living in Harmony.
Dorothy (Carr) Barrows, living in Lunenburg, Mass.
Arlene (Chadbourne) Richardson, living in Wellington.
Ada (Foss) Cobb, living in Harmony.
Elwood Cooley, employed in Harmony.
Dorothy (Deering) Rowell, living in Harmony.
Pauline (Deering) Sawyer, living in Cambridge.
Wilma (Johnson) Harrington, living in Guilford.
Wilma Knowles,
Elden Perkins, employed in Harmony.
Crystal Post, employed in Reading Mass.
Kenneth Watson, living in Cambridge.
Norman Willis, living in Haverhill, Mass.

CLASS OF 1941

Corine (Crosby) Sinclair, living in Fairfield.
Myrtle (Fowlie) Stymist, living in Guilford.
Verlene (LaGross) Boone, employed in Harmony.
Rodney Ricker, (deceased)
Vaughn Olson, (deceased)

CLASS OF 1942

Phyllis Cromwell, employed in Bar Harbor.
Alfred Magoon, living in Harmony.
Rowena Richardson, living in Skowhegan.
Ernest Wilbur, living in Cambridge.

ALUMNI

CLASS OF 1943

Meredith Annis, employed in Pittsfield.
 Chester Bailey, employed in Dexter.
 Almond Chadbourne, at home in Harmony.
 Norris Chadbourne, employed at Bailey's store, Harmony.

Margaret (Cobb) Lancaster, living in Lincoln, Maine.

Carolyn Corson, working at McLellans Store, Skowhegan.

Ruth Deering, employed in Pittsfield.

Robert Folsom, at home in Harmony.

Wilbur Gosbee, working in Bangor.

Dorothy (Herrick) Spence, living in Franklin, Mass.

Ruth (Knowles) Rollins, living in Hartland.

Leroy LaGross, discharged from army.

Clayton Lambard, working in Harmony.

Venine Magoon, at home in Harmony.

Charlotte Nichols, employed at Bailey's store in Harmony.

Hugh Watson, employed at Whitney's store Cambridge.

Helen (Wentworth) Lombard, living in Harmony.

CLASS OF 1945

Richard Carr, discharged from army.

Lewis Huntley, U. S. Army.

Earl Nichols, living in Harmony.

Westley Post, at home in Athens.

Amber Curtis, employed in Dover-Foxcroft.

Norma Cooley, working in Pittsfield.

CLASS OF 1946

Colleen Chadbourne, at home in Harmony.

Myrtle (Chadbourne) Chipman, living in Pittsfield.

Emma (Chadbourne) Watson, living in Cambridge.

Douglas Lombard, living in Harmony.

Elizabeth Post, at home in Athens.

CLASS OF 1944

Carrol Bangs, in the Merchant Marines.

Robert Brown, at home in Harmony.

Clyde Chadbourne, living in New York.

Leo Chadbourne, at home in Harmony.

Robert Clark, living in Harmony.

Vesta Cuddy, employed in Florida.

Muriel (Downs) Madore, living in Pittsfield.

Velma Gifford, employed at Bartlett's Mill Harmony.

Eloise (Taylor) Libby, living in Hartland.

EXCHANGES

This year we expect to make exchanges with the following schools:

Corinna

Madison

Dover-Foxcroft

Smyrna

Newport

Hartland

Houlton

Dexter

Solon

North Anson

JOKES

Marilyn: "This leading lady has too much make-up on."

Jerry: "Guess you are right, I can't even tell who you are."

Mr. Chamberlain: "Here, young man, its against the law to spit on this floor."

Dick Munger: "Then why did you put that sign up?"

Mr. Chamberlain: "What sign "

Dick Munger: "Fine for spitting."

Elmer: "Hey! Don't scream like that!"

Electa: "Why not, pray?"

Elmer: "All right, pray, then. It's a lot quieter."

Dick Watson: "Lenora, darling, you're not domesticated yet. Here are all my socks with holes in them. You haven't mended them yet."

Lenora C: "Sweetheart, you never gave me that coat you promised either. So I've decided if you don't give me a wrap I don't give a darn."

Dwight: "Why are girls prettier now, than they used to be?"

Stanley: "Cause."

Dwight: "Cause why?"

Stanley: "Cosmetics."

Janice C: "Sometimes my father takes things apart to see why they don't go."

Richie: "So what."

Janice: "So you'd better go."

Barbara: "Mother, I saw a man building a horse today."

Mrs. Moore: "Why you must be mistaken."

Barbara: "No, I'm sure. He had the horse almost done. He was just nailing its feet on."

Mr. Chamberlain: "Can you give me an example of wasted energy?"

Janice Hinton: "Yes, sir. Telling a hair-raising story to a bald-headed man."

Elmer: "What's the best way to teach a girl to swim?"

Barney: "First you put your arm around her waist, take her right hand in yours....."

Elmer: "But the girl is my sister."

Barney: "Oh, push her off the wharf."

Mr. Chamberlain: "If you don't stop talking, I'll throw an eraser at you."

Irving Brown: "I wasn't saying a word."

Mr. Chamberlain: "Then I wasn't talking to you."

Barber: "Was your tie red when you came in?"

Gerald: "Certainly not."

Barber: "Gosh!"

Barney: "Pardon me, did I step on your feet?"

Lenora: "It was either you or an elephant."

Junior: "You look sweet enough to eat."

Mary: "I do eat, where shall we go?"

Joan: "My mother sent me down to the butcher shop last night to see if the butcher had frog legs."

Stanley: "Did he?"

Joan: "I don't know he had his pants on."

Velma: "My dog ate a tap measure and died."

Janice: "I see. He died by inches."

Velma: "No, he went out in the alley and died by the yard."

Elmer: "Believe me, I'm going to get ahead."

Barbara: "Good, you need one badly."

Mrs. Chadbourne: "Did your school play have a happy ending?"

Lenora: "Oh yes, everyone was glad it was over."

Barney: "Love is like an apple pie."

Gerry: "That so?"

Barney: "Yes-all you need is a lot of crust and some applesauce."

Joan: "So Ruthie broke off your engagement, what did she do?"

Bob B: "Oh, she just tore off the engagement ring, flung it onto her right hand and stalked out."

Dwight S.: "Do you mind if I ask you for a dollar till next Wednesday?"

Stanley: "You can ask me for a dollar till doomsday, why should I mind. I still won't give it to you."

Mr. Chamberlain: "You seem very sleepy, were you cut late last night?"

Bernard W.: "I had to sit up with the baby sir."

Mr. Chamberlain: "Oh, I see. How old was the baby?"

JOKES

- Dick M.: "What did you name your car?"
Elmer: "Sheasta."
Dick M.: "That's a funny name. Why did you name it that?"
Elmer: "Well, sheasta have gas, sheasta have oil, and sheasta have tires."
Joyce D.: "My grandfather plays the piano by ear."
Marilyn B.: "That's nothing, mine fiddles with his beard."
Ella: "Why can't a man's nose be longer than twelve inches?"
Ellen: "Because if it were twelve inches it would be a foot."
Miss Quimby: "Richie, I wish you would write dark enough for me to read your writing."
Richard R.: "What, and wear out the lead in my pencil?"
Lydia: "I've known for sometime that you are engaged to Irving."
Edith: "How did you find out?"
Lydia: "Oh, I recognized the ring."
Janice H.: "I've lost my poor dog."
Nora: "Why don't you advertise in the newspaper for him?"
Janice H.: "Yeah, but he can't read."
Lillian: "Wait until I get my goat gloves."
Janice C.: "Your goat gloves! What do you mean?"
Lillian: "Well, I used to call them kid gloves until they got so old."
Miss Quimby: "I wish you wouldn't chew gum. Don't you know it's made out of horses' hoofs?"
Joan: "Sure, that's why I get a kick out of it."
Ellen: "Who was your mother before she was married?"
Ella: "I didn't have a mother before she was married."
Mr. Rowell: "I hear you are at the bottom of the class. Can't you get another place?"
Richard: "No, all the others are taken."
Velma A.: "You want to keep your eyes open around here."
Lillian: "Why?"
Velma A.: "You'll certainly look foolish walking around with them closed."
- Mary A.: Please don't fire me. Haven't I been trying?"
Janice H.: "That's just it. You've been trying my lipstick, powder, silk stockings and even my hats."
Edward L.: "I am a man of letters."
Arlene W.: "Oh, a college professor."
Edward L.: "No, a sign painter."
James A.: "Don't you see that sign, "Private-No Hunting Allowed?"
John C.: "I don't read anything marked private."
Mr. Chadbourne: "Do you know a camel goes eight days without drinking?"
Stanley K.: "I wonder how long it will go if it does drink."
Ruth S.: "Changed your bed linen yet, roomie?"
Doreen L.: "Heck, no; it ain't worn out yet."
Mr. Chamberlain: "If you have a son, are you going to send him here to school?"
Richard R.: "No, he'd probably graduate before I would."
Edward L.: "Why is the moon more important than the sun?"
Alma B.: "'Cause it shines at night when we need it most."
Quentin: "What is a rut?"
Garwood: "A rut is a grave with both ends knocked out."
John C.: "Mom, what are we having for supper?"
Mrs. Cobb: "Oh, hundreds of things."
John C.: "What are they?"
Mrs. Cobb: "Beans!"
Mr. Chamberlain: "If molecules can be split into atoms and broke up into electrons, can electrons be split further?"
James Adams: "Well Mr. Chamberlain, you might try mailing them in a package to someone, marked "fragile."
Norma: "Why didn't they take you for the Senior Play?"
Mary: "Because they needed a blond for that part."
Mr. Munger: "How is it that your January marks are so much lower than those of December?"
Dick M.: "Why Pop, you know that everything is marked down after the holidays,"

JOKES

Durwood L.: "Ma, may I go out to play?"

Mrs. LaGross: "What, with those holes in your pants?"

Durwood L.: "No, with the little girl next door."

Mrs. Downs: "Did he get on his knees to propose to you?"

Joyce D.: "No, Mamma, I did."

Quentin M.: "I killed forty-nine birds yesterday."

Garwood H.: "Why didn't you kill one more and make it a round fifty?"

Quentin M.: "Well, forty-nine is around fifty, isn't it?"

Mrs. Chadbourne: "Well that settles it. I'll never take you to tea again."

Mr. Chadbourne: "Good, but what did I do?"

Mrs. Chadbourne: "You asked Mrs. Smith how her husband was standing the heat and he's been dead six months."

Garwood: "Why do you say your sister is dumb?"

Quentin: "Aw, she thinks a Goblet is a sailors child."

Durwood: "What d'ya mean people in Chicago are stupid?"

Irving: "It says here that the population of Chicago is dense."

Richard: "If I had an apple I'd give it to you."

Gordon: "That's all right - I have one already."

John: "But, Dad, I don't wanna study arithmetic."

Mr. Cobb: "What, a son of mine doesn't want to grow up and not be able to figure out baseball scores and batting averages?"

Gerald: "Why didn't you shoot the bear?"

Dwight: "He didn't have the right expression on his face for a rug."

Edward: "I've bought a book on how to make love but it's just a waste of money."

James: "How's that?"

Edward: "Well it says I should take the girl's hand in my hand and look into her eyes and say, I love you, Genevieve."

James: "That sounds good. What's wrong with it?"

Edward: "My girl's name is Alma."

Doreen: "Did you ever hear about the race of the head of cabbage, the fire hydrant, and the tomato?"

Velma: "No."

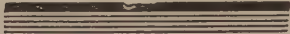
Doreen: "The cabbage was ahead, the hydrant was running stongly and the tomato was trying to ketch up."

Pat: "I don't see any need for washing my hands before I go to school."

Mother: "Why not?"

Pat: "I'm not one of those who is always raising them."





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